

in limbo

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[Nocturnals \(Cowboy Toad Games Video Game\)](#)

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[Diego/Ted \(Nocturnals\)](#)

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[Diego \(Nocturnals\)](#), [Ted \(Nocturnals\)](#) - Character

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by [solarstirium](#)

Summary

“Cheese puffs,” Ted says simply. He looks at the label wrapped around the bottle in Diego’s hand and asks, “*Fizz-Cola*? Haven’t tried that one yet. Any good?”

“Hm,” Diego purses his lips as he brings the bottle to his mouth, then makes a face when the cola goes down, “rubbish. Are all colas supposed to taste like you’re washing your mouth out with chemicals?”

Or, a quiet moment between two survivors.

Notes

short and rushed bc i felt the yaoi demons possessing my body.
pls nocturnals fandom come hither and write more of them 🙄

When they leave Ruddleside, life gets easier. Not by a lot, but it still does.

The two of them stop at an abandoned gas station for a while, stocking up on fuel and whatever other resources they can find (mainly foodstuffs). It's a temporary safe haven, but it's enough for now. The pointed lack of Nocturnals lurking about is enough to prove that point.

Presently, Ted is leaning back against one of the cooler-section's doors, popping open a plastic bag of cheese puffs. They're likely expired, but they're not moldy and they don't smell like they shouldn't be eaten, so he's risking his luck. A majority of the food here is like that—snacks that aren't in their prime, but are just edible. Not the healthiest of things, but Ted finds them more compelling than mushroom skewers.

"Find something good there, have you?" Diego asks. He slides back against the door and plops himself onto the floor beside Ted. There's a soda bottle in his hand and it fizzes a little when he twists the cap, probably a miracle of carbonation given their situation.

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"Hm," Diego purses his lips as he brings the bottle to his mouth, then makes a face when the cola goes down, "rubbish. Are all colas supposed to taste like you're washing your mouth out with chemicals?"

Ted laughs and he listens to the way the coolers buzz quietly behind them. They've done this the last few days, now—sitting together and trying the gas station's snack supply, that is. He even dares to think it might be becoming a routine of sorts, not that they'll be able to stay here for the long haul. Still, it's nice. One of the nicest things he's had to look forward to in a while.

"Maybe," he says. "I think it used to be something fun and different. I guess it still is, in a different kind of way."

Diego huffs. "Nothing fun about it," he jokes flatly. He makes a vague gesture toward his face when he continues, "Makes my tongue feel all weird and most of them don't even taste good. I mean, really? There's nothing between *full-on chemicals* and *sugar-overload*?"

Ted crinkles the corner of the snack bag in his hand. "Maybe we haven't found the right kind yet," he muses curiously, eyeing the rows upon rows of soft drinks and refrigerated snacks behind them. "There's likely hundreds of them stocked here. We could be here forever looking for the perfect cola for you."

"Well, I guess we did find the jackpot with this place, after all."

"There's not much fuel left, though," Ted comments. He plucks a cheese puff from the bag and offers it to Diego, who shakes his head; he pops it into his own mouth, chewing between his words. "We should start thinking about what to take with us when we're on the road again."

Diego nods this time, and leans the side of his head against the cool glass door behind them. "It's almost scary there's been no Nocturnals around here," he says, almost absentmindedly, though the way he voices it feels like he's trying to keep the words from jinxing them. The *last* thing they need is another run-in with a Nocturnal. Ted isn't quite sure how many more times the two of them can outrun certain death.

Ted understands the sentiment nonetheless, and he lightly knocks Diego's shoulder with his own. "You'll bring one over," he murmurs, voice wavering from a lightheartedness that's supposedly cloaking the genuine fear beneath. "Be glad that's the case—don't start dwelling on it now."

Diego raises his hands in faux-surrender. "I know, I know," he sighs. "Just an empty thought, I promise. Trust me, I could live in this gas station with you for the rest of my life." He drawls out the words in a teasing way, but it doesn't stop the heat from rising to Ted's cheeks.

Ted crumples the empty bag in his hands, stuffs it into the pocket of his hoodie, and leans over onto Diego's shoulder, forcing him to sit up ever so slightly. "At least be serious when you say it," he grumbles.

And Diego pushes himself up further, palms flat against the cold, tiled floor. He hisses in a breath, then scoffs out a laugh. "You don't think I am?"

"I *know* you're not," Ted replies, eyes trained to the aisles across from them, as if looking anywhere else would cause Diego to jerk away from him or push him off.

"Says who?"

“Me, obviously.”

“Hey,” and suddenly Diego does sound oddly serious, his hands finding Ted’s cheeks and cupping them gently. He tilts Ted’s head up a bit, and they make eye contact. “I’m more serious than ever. Really, Ted, I mean it—wherever you go, I’ll go with you. We’re in this together, aren’t we?”

For a moment, Ted finds himself locked into place, cheeks hot and eyes watery. He sits himself up the moment after, holds one of the hands over his face, and presses his lips onto Diego’s; it’s nervous and inexperienced, but Diego holds him there until he feels like his heart is going to burst right out of his chest.

When he pulls back, looking a little spacey and breathless, Diego smiles and says, “You didn’t answer my question, Ted.”

Ted sputters and then rolls his eyes. “You know there’s not a second that we *aren’t* in this together, Diego. You’re stuck with me now, yeah?”

Diego laughs and feels it roll through him like a wave of sunlight, bright and airy. It makes his chest feel warm, fizzy like cola but without all the chemicals. “Yeah, I suppose I am. But that’s okay,” he knocks his forehead against Ted’s, grinning, “because you’re stuck with me too, y’know.”

“How awful,” Ted hums between a giggle, laces their fingers together over his cheek, and then leans forward to kiss Diego again.

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